

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find st to bee too busie is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stiffe,
If damned custome haue nor brasd it so,
That it be proffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar st wagge thy tongue
In noyse so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes mariage vowes,
As false as dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule; and sweet religion makes
A rapsody of words; heauens face dooes glow
Ore this solidiry and compound masse
With heated viilage, as against the doome
Is thought-sick at the act.

Quic. Ay me what act?

Ham. That roares so low'de and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was feated on his browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of Ioue him-selfe,
An eye like Mars, to threten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heauie, a kissing hill,
A combination and so rime indeede,
Where every God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother: haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batton on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
El's could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was neere so thrall'd
But it reseru'd some quantity of choyce
To serue in such a difference. What diuell wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth buine,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such black and greeued spots
As will leaue there their tin'.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the rancke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honing and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to mee no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slave that is not twentith part the kyth

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